

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XIX.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1886.

NO. 36.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

1886. 1886.

Carpets! Carpets! Carpets!

The time for house cleaning has come again and a great many persons will want new carpets to take the place of those which are too much worn to put down again. Our stock is large and of the very choicest designs in the market, and we will sell them as low as they can be sold for anywhere. Our Tapestry Brussels range in price from 65 to \$1.00

Body	1.00 to 1.35
Velvet	1.40
Ingrains	25 to 90
Damask Hall and Stair	25 to 65
Rag	30 to 65
Mattings	124 to 40
Oil Cloths	30 to 50

Also Mats, Rugs, Druggets Art Squares, Hassocks, Ottomans, Fancy Boxes, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Carpet Lining, etc

CURTAINS.

We have a good line of Window Shades and Shadings, Lace Curtains, Poles, Brackets, &c. We make and lay carpets, also make and hang curtains in the very best manner and at short notice. Please call and examine our stock.

W. H. MOORE & CO.,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

M. L. HARDCASTLE,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

SUMMER CLOTHING.

A Full Suit for \$3.00, and up.

FULL LINE OF LOW CUT SHOES, AND LADIES' SLIPPERS.

White and Colored Straw Hats.

ALSO, LIGHT FELT HATS.

CLOCKS FROM \$1.50 TO \$5.00.

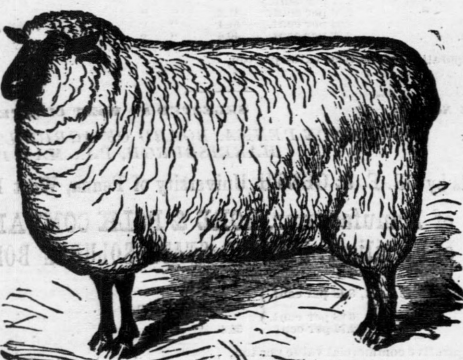
LOOKING GLASSES FROM 25 CENTS TO \$1.50.

Trunks, Valises and Shawl Straps.

CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASS, EARTHEN AND TIN WARE.

Town Hall, Middletown.

SHEEP FOR SALE!



Thoroughbred Southdown Yearlings and Buck Lambs.

AS GOOD AS THE BEST.

GEO. W. LOCKWOOD, Near Warwick, Md.

G. W. SPICER, Residence, 810 West Tenth St.

LOUIS LITTLE, Residence, Fifth and Spruce Sts.

SPICER & LITTLE,

WHOLESALE

Produce Commission Merchants

Peaches, Berries, Apples and all kinds of early Truck and Produce, Fish, Oysters, Crabs, Terrapins, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, Lumber, Grain, Etc. Southern Produce a Specialty.

No. 110 East Fourth St., Wilmington, Del.

Farmer's Bank, Wilmington, Del.
W. H. Robinson, Treasurer, Wilmington, Del.
Hart & Co., Provisioners,
Chester & Halls, Store,
Bass & Bro., Bowers Hill, Virginia.
E. S. Ferguson,
J. A. Winder, Nanawadoc,
Sally & Conquest, Oak Hall.

REFERENCES:
Johnson & Gladding, Hornstown, Virginia.
J. D. Block, Millford, Delaware.
G. H. Baker, Seaford.
Dr. Hugh Martin, Seaford, Del.
J. McQuinn, Dover.
Jas. E. C. Oldham, Christiansburg, Delaware.
Beam, Turner & Co., Phila.
And Business Houses in Wilmington, Del.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. MARKET REPORTS DAILY.

Middletown Advertisements.



FOR MEN AND CHILDREN

A. C. YATES & CO

Sixth and Chestnut Sts.

24p-11

Spring Announcement!

JOS. HANSON

Is now ready to supply farmers with THE CELEBRATED

Wrightsville Lime,

Which is acknowledged to have no equal.

Guaranteed to slack out 24 bushels to one.

This lime will be shipped to any point by rail. I am also agent for

LANCASTER COUNTY, SHARPLESS,

HUGHES, MCCOY'S LIMES.

McCoy's Lime will be delivered by rail or water.

WALTON WHANN & CO'S

CELEBRATED BRANDS OF

FLOW BRAND, Super.

RELIANCE, Assorted.

DIAMOND SOLUBLE BONE,

A Specialty.

COALS.

LEHIGH AND SEARANTHACITE

LYKEN'S VALLEY, GEORGE'S CREEK

CLEARFIELD AND STERLING NO. 1

BITUMINOUS COALS.

A full stock of Coals always on hand, and will be delivered at any point on the Delaware railroad and its connections.

FARMERS

USE

JERMAN & COSGRIF'S

Porous Drain Tile.

It is the experience of our most practical and successful farmers that this is the best.

NURSERY STOCK.

I am Agent for the

WEST JERSEY NURSERY CO., OF

BRIDGEFORD, LUMBERLAND

COUNTY, N. J.

Catalogues furnished on Application.

Those intending to plant Fruit or Ornamental Trees should communicate with me before purchasing.

Prompt attention will be given to all orders, by mail or otherwise.

JOS. HANSON,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

OFFICE:

RAILROAD AVENUE, OPPOSITE

THE DEPOT.

PAINTING!

ALEXANDER MONRO,

PRACTICAL GRAINER

FROM NEW YORK.

Anyone wishing a good job of graining had better address him at

BLACKBIRD, DELAWARE.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

FOR SALE CHEAP!

1,000 Pine Boxes,

in shooks suitable for peaches. Size: 12x17 by 6x deep. No. 2 1/2x11 by 11 inches deep.

Address H. SHARPLESS, 111 Jefferson Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

GRAIN DRILLS THE PENNSYLVANIA

most perfect Force Feeder Fertilizer Drill in

existence. Send for catalogue. SAW AND

CHISEL COLES SHILLERS and Stand-

ard Agricultural Implements generally.

Send for illustrated catalogue.

A. B. FARQUHAR, Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, York, Pa.

THE MEETING PLACE.

Where the faded flower shall freshen—
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shadowy sky shall brighten—
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Or the wood or wave or hill;
Where the child has found its mother;
Where the mother finds the child;
Where the dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall be wither;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed,
Partings, clappings, sob and moan—
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy moonlight—all are done;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
Mid the burst of holy song;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden world is healed;
Where the lighted life reborn;
Where the sufferer's heart is freshened,
Or it buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring bright clime;
Where we find the joy of living,
As we never loved before—
Loving on, unchilled, unhidden—
Loving once and evermore!

Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest!
Where a blasted world shall brighten,
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer gleam of sunshine
Shall its healing splendour here;
Where earth's barren waste shall blossom,
Putting on their robes of green,
And a purer, richer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
Mid the holy and the blest!
—H. Bonar.

THE MISSING DEED.

I am a Grant. I know there are other Grants. A clumsy Englishman once told me that Grant was a very common name. There are the Grants of Grant, and the Grants of Dalvey; there are Grants in Edinburg and Grants in London. Alas! the Grants are a disinherited race, for their grandfathers, it seems, always squandered the fortunes which they ought to have left to their sons. At least, I know that was the case of my own grandfather. Had he not played ducks and drakes with my inheritance I should have been—but there, I am content to be what I am, Grant of Tullybardane, and never a deader or lovelier home had Scottish man to dwell in. My wife often laughs at me for being so fond of the place. But then the strange event of my life is bound up with its possession. And surely I may well remember and be thankful for that event, for without it yonder lady with the silver hair would scarcely now have been sitting near me, and laughing at the follies of an old man as she does.

Five-and-thirty years ago I was living here in the grange at Tullybardane. The place had come to my father by bequest not many years before, and he had scarcely learned to play the laird before he died and left it to me. I was only a boy then, and my mother and I were quite content with our lives in the new home. So there I lived and grew up to manhood, and there in the course of years I fell in love. Accordingly, one winter morning I rode across to Glen Levanoch, and asked Mr. Fraser to give me his daughter to be my wife. Of course I had found out beforehand that Miss Fraser was not unwilling to be given.

Well, we had a long interview, and he confirmed my fears. "Unless the missing deed is found, my dear sir," he said in his blandest accents, "your title is so defective as to be legally worthless should a rival claimant arise."

I did not see the Frasers, but I got their address, and I wrote one letter to the father and four to the daughter. I engaged a new servant in this way: Our need of a servant being pressing, I went, for the first and last time in my life to a registry office. The shop lay in the south of the town, beyond the High street, and when I entered it there were several subdued looking beings, unfortunate applicants I suppose, standing around. Behind the counter were a man and woman, and to the former, having a prejudice in favor of doing business with my own sex, begotten perhaps of shyness, I applied. He kept me waiting a long time. Then he looked over a prodigious ledger and read me out numerous applications which were perfectly useless. At last, however, he came to one which I thought would do. I told him so, and he thereupon invited me to wait a little longer, as the "young man" in question was likely to call shortly. At first I refused, but on consideration I decided to go out and have my hair cut and then return to see if the young man were there.

When I came back some twenty minutes later the small office was full of people. As I entered, something in the look of the place and the atti-

for the missing deed. But what Mr. Fraser told me proved to be only too true.

In the week that followed I remember three things distinctly, not that they were themselves important, but that they bore upon that strange event which made a turning point in my life. The first is that I rode over to Glen Levanoch and was told that Mr. and Miss Fraser had left home, to stay with friends in Edinburg. The second is that my man George, who acted as footman and valet to me, got drunk one night and left the house door wide open—for which I have not ceased to thank Providence ever since. Now, as a rule, I am lenient to these failings. Whisky, I regret to say, has an attraction for men in these northern climates which few can resist. But, whether it was that I was out of sorts, or whether it was that my mother was alarmed, I don't know, but I resolved to make an example, and I turned the man out of the house the next day. The third incident was more important and should be told at length.

I am a good sleeper, I don't dream much, I don't believe in dream warnings and such things. I have no faith in ghosts—though I know for a fact that my cousins the Mac Mocks have a bannish in their family—as a fact, I say. But about that time I used to try and dream of a certain lady, and so one night I fell asleep and I did dream. And this is what I dreamed.

I thought I was in Edinburg, standing in Prince's street (and let me find any street in England, or anywhere else which can compare with that) and waiting by the Waverley monument. Opposite me was a hotel, which I suppose I was watching, for out of it presently came, as clear and vivid as in life, Nelly Fraser, with a veil over her head; she came slowly toward me and lifted her veil, revealing a face so white and miserable that I scarcely knew it and then, as I stepped forward, she raised one hand, and pointing up across the gorge toward the High street hill, vanished into a moving mist. Then the shadows began to shift and shuffle themselves, and presently out came another vision from my dream: I was there still, standing but all the surroundings had changed. I supposed I was in a sort of shop or office. A counter was before me, and all around me were thin phantom figures, with no features that I could see.

Only one among these misty shapes had a visible human face. And that one advanced toward me with a smile which I shall never forget. It was the face of a young man, slightly drooped, as if his owner were shy or deferential, with blue, bright eyes and gentle, handsome features, and fair, hair, and lips that seemed to be made for laughter, and a smile that shone like a gleam of sunshine there.

And in a moment the face and forms had vanished. The darkness seemed to grow darker. I heard soft steps walking in the air. I felt as if a cold wind were blowing in my face. Suddenly I saw the chill sea shining afar off under the white stars. A voice that was harsh broke out in harsh laughter beside me, and then—I woke.

Two days after I set out for Edinburg, with three objects. I wanted to consult an eminent advocate. I wanted to get a new servant. And I wanted at least to find out where the Frasers were.

I saw the great advocate, and he confirmed my fears. "Unless the missing deed is found, my dear sir," he said in his blandest accents, "your title is so defective as to be legally worthless should a rival claimant arise."

I engaged a new servant in this way: Our need of a servant being pressing, I went, for the first and last time in my life to a registry office. The shop lay in the south of the town, beyond the High street, and when I entered it there were several subdued looking beings, unfortunate applicants I suppose, standing around. Behind the counter were a man and woman, and to the former, having a prejudice in favor of doing business with my own sex, begotten perhaps of shyness, I applied. He kept me waiting a long time. Then he looked over a prodigious ledger and read me out numerous applications which were perfectly useless. At last, however, he came to one which I thought would do. I told him so, and he thereupon invited me to wait a little longer, as the "young man" in question was likely to call shortly. At first I refused, but on consideration I decided to go out and have my hair cut and then return to see if the young man were there.

When I came back some twenty minutes later the small office was full of people. As I entered, something in the look of the place and the atti-

tude of the figures struck me as familiar. But I dismissed the idea at once. The shopman came to meet me.

"The young man is here, sir," he said, and he turned with a wave of his hand to a figure behind him. The figure advanced. It was the figure of a good-looking boy rather than of a man, slight and fair, and with the head a little drooping. As the boy raised his face to look at me I started back. Feature for feature, as clear as it could be, it was the face I had seen in my dream!

I don't know what followed; I don't know whether my conduct appeared very strange. I don't know what the boy said to me, or what I said to him. I have only a vague idea that I generally assented to everything. And I know that when I went home to Tullybardane Sydney Loch went with me as my man.

Tullybardane is a desolate place. It lies in a narrow gorge which runs down straight to the shore. The hills slopes up on either hand, and end in tumbled rocks or caverns where the sea foam breaks and the sea waves sing. The old grange is a rambling house. From its windows you can look over the beach, and only the falling garden's separate you from it. On the right hand is the library, which faces down a long avenue of firs to the sea, and beyond the library stretches the deserted part of the house, which for five and thirty years I have been meaning to repair. The library was rather a gloomy room, communicating only by a long passage with the other inhabited parts of the house. Indeed, the whole house was rather lonely. For myself I never minded that, but I fancy it struck my new servant as a bit solitary and weird.

Now, I must tell you about the doings of this young fellow. A day or two after my return, both my mother and I began to notice something strange about him. It was not that I did not like him, for I took a strong fancy to him at once, and here, five and thirty years after, he lives to this day, less I think, of a servant to us than a faithful and trusted friend. But certainly his behavior was odd, and the first thing we observed was this.

One afternoon I was sitting with my mother in the drawing room. My mother had ordered tea. Personally, I am afraid of these unwholesome drinks, and never have taken to that surreptitious fashion of working in an extra meal in the afternoon. But I was sitting with her and talking very disconsolately, for I felt thoroughly depressed. Presently Sydney came in with the cups of tea on a tray—a deplorable plan of taking tea if you must take it, but one to which my dear mother was partial. He handed the tray to my mother, and he handed it to me. Then to our surprise, he walked straight across the room to a big armchair that stood near the window, and handed the tray to the empty chair! But the armchair, or its invisible occupant, refused it, apparently, and the man withdrew.

I am endowed with a large fund of Scottish humor, and I burst out laughing. My mother was equally perplexed.

"He must have thought there was some one sitting there," she said. "He must be very shortsighted, poor boy. It's very strange."

"He must be as blind as a bat," I answered, "or else has been playing a practical joke on us. I never saw anything so absurd in my life."

But in the next few days I was destined to see stranger things. I asked Sydney if he were shortsighted, but he denied the charge with warmth. And yet the more I watched him the more obvious was it that he was always meeting invisible people. Once, as I chanced to see him coming down stairs, I distinctly saw him draw back, pressing himself against the wall, as if to allow an invisible person to pass. Another time I saw him walk to the front door, open it, and hold it, as if for an invisible visitor to pass out. After that I could stand it no longer. I am the worst possible hand at fault-finding with servants, but I was determined to have an explanation of this. So that afternoon I spoke to Sydney.

"Sydney," I said, bluntly, "are you given to seeing ghosts?"

"Sir," he answered, with a smile of astonishment. "No, sir, I never saw a ghost in my life."

"Then, what do you mean," I broke out, "by behaving in the way you have been doing?"

The boy started. Evidently he thought me off my head. I determined to speak more gently.

"Then," I said, "who was that person you showed out of the house this morning?" I knew I had him there, for I was sure nobody had called.

"I literally staggered for want of words. Then I showed what I have always thought was remarkable presence of mind. I turned around and walked into the dining room, telling the boy to follow. There I poured out a glass of whisky and gave it to him.

"Drink that," I said "and you had better sit down."

Obviously he thought me as eccentric as I thought him. But he merely said, "Thank you, sir," and drank the whisky.

"Do you feel quite well?" I asked frigidly.

"Quite well, thank you, sir."

"Are you subject to delusions or hallucinations?"

"No, sir; never sir," he answered promptly, with a lurking smile which he vainly tried to conceal.

That smile annoyed me. I broke out again:

"Then, what on earth do you mean?" I cried, by telling me this nonsense about a gentleman in gray?"

Sydney rose. There was some dignity in his manner. He spoke respectfully, but in an injured tone:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I only told you about the gentleman who called—"

"I thought, sir, you might have seen him, for he passed by you, and I fancied he nodded to you as he passed."

Really, things had come to a pretty pass! Here was my own servant accusing me of seeing invisible phantoms which only existed in his own disordered brain!

But there, I will not repeat all the conversation that followed. I must say Sydney kept his temper wonderfully, for I lost mine. However, we had a long explanation, which ended in this way. The boy asserted positively that he had three or four times seen an elderly gentleman in gray walking about the house. He had seen him sitting in the drawing room with my mother. He had seen him in the passages up stairs and in the grounds outside. He had, he admitted, wondered who he could be, and had fancied that he must be some intimate friend, or some one connected with the establishment. He had never heard him speak, certainly. He had not as yet questioned any of the other servants about him. But then he had himself only been a few days in the house, and as yet did not know all the people about the place. When I told him that no one else in the house had ever heard of such a person Sydney was completely staggered. In fact, the only result of our conversation was to leave on the minds of each of us grave doubts as to the other's sanity, if not as to his own.

But before we parted I made the boy promise me solemnly that the very next time he saw this mysterious figure he would summon me to once.

Next day nothing happened, and I meditated dismissing Sydney. The day after, an event occurred which changed the current of my thoughts, which, thank God, altered my whole life since, and which has made Sydney Loch the most faithful friend I have.

It was late in the afternoon—a winter dusk. I was upstairs in a bedroom, writing a letter to Nelly, vowing that I would never give her up, and yet seeing no prospect of ever being able to claim her for my wife. It was that hour when the day begins to pass into night, and the shadows have grown gigantic, and men's thoughts are turning toward dinner. Suddenly I was roused by a quick step and knock at my door. I called out "Come in," and Sydney appeared on the threshold. He looked very pale and excited, as far as I could see him by the dim light of my candles, and he spoke in a strange voice.

"He is here, sir, the old gentleman in gray—in the passage."

I jumped up and was following him in a moment. It must have been well past six o'clock, and yet the lights in the corridor were still unlighted. I looked all around but could see no one.

"Where?" I said in a whisper; for I think the gloom and the boy's strange looks had frightened my common sense out of me.

Sydney took me by the arm and pointed. I felt he was trembling all over. And for my own part an uncomfortable cold seemed to be creeping through my limbs.

"There, sir, there—don't you see him?"—at the top of the stairs. He's beckoning us to follow—come."

I strained my eyes in the direction where he pointed, but could discern nothing. However, I caught hold of Sydney's arm, and followed him silently, like a sheep. Why I did so I cannot at this moment conceive.

The boy led the way down stairs, apparently keeping his eyes fixed on something he could see in front. I held him blindly. We went down and across the hall, and then out of the front door into the cold air. It was quite dark outside, though one or two blurred stars were flickering palely,

and the moon, I thought, was struggling behind a cloud. Round the house we went, faster and faster, into gardens at the back, and down the slopes toward the sea. Sydney seemed to be dragging me along. Once I caught a glimpse of his face and I saw it was deadly white, though his eyes were staring wildly after the phantom he was following. Still he went on and on. We were nearing the beach now, and I could hear the surf beating against the rocks and dimly see the white crests of the waves hanging in the foggy night. Now we were on the beach. I felt the seaweed under my feet and stumbled. Still the boy dragged me along. Now we must be on the brink of the water, I thought, and shivered. Then I put out my other hand and clutched at Sydney's arm.

"In God's name, where are you going?" I said in a terrified whisper. The boy did not answer. He stopped dead. The darkness was thick about us. We were standing in a mist, and even the blurred stars had faded out. Suddenly I felt a wave break over my feet. And at that moment, hissing out and echoing across the darkness, there grated in my ears the sound of a harsh and hollow laugh—the very laugh I had heard in my dream!

The gloom was so dense that I could only see the outline of Sydney's body, though I was grasping him with my two hands. There was a perfect silence. Still I stood there motionless, rooted to the rocks. Then I felt the boy start off again toward the house. Another wave washed against my feet as I turned with him and began to ascend to the gardens again. The fog was growing thinner. Presently it parted, and a strong wind seemed to have risen suddenly out of the sea. Now I could distinctly see Sydney's eyes still fixed on the invisible thing before him. I could see, too, that we were mounting the pale avenue of firs, and from the distant windows of the library a dim light was casting shadows down upon our faces. But we did not make for these windows. My guide turned off to the left, and we entered the deserted part of the house. I felt utterly spellbound. I seemed to have lost all power of volition. I believe I should blindly have followed that boy to my death.

We had plunged into a labyrinth of shadowy rooms, leaving the outer air. How we got into that part of the house I cannot tell. I had not been there for years. Sydney could never have been in it, and he led me on rapidly, and never faltered or hesitated once. I think that the moon must have come out, for there was a faint light shining through the windows as we passed, and by that light he guided me. We crossed several empty rooms and passages, and at last came out into a long corridor. That, to us, was the end of the journey.

He, too, had passed. But he never spoke a word, nor looked at me. His eyes were fixed on a tall bookcase in the corner of the room. Presently he began to move slowly toward it, and I, still holding him, followed. Then, as we approached it, to my utter amazement, the whole bookcase swung back upon its hinges, revealing a small closet, which I had never seen before, with some dusty rolls of paper lying on a shelf within it. With a wild cry Sydney sprang forward, wrenching himself from my grasp. He seized the papers, and, turning, thrust them into my hand. Then, with his face as white as snow and eyes distended, he raised one arm and pointed to the window. In another moment he had tottered back and fallen on the floor.

But I was already at the window. In my frenzy I dashed my shoulder against it. The fastening gave way. The glass came crashing down about me. I was outside standing in the chill blue night. Round me the wind was whining and blustering. The fog had melted away. Overhead the stars were burning golden. The banished clouds had gone. But no sign of any human figure, man or ghost, was there. Only the desolate avenue, with its fir trees, bending over it, and at the far end, in the dimness, the high moon over the whitened sea.

When I went back into the library I found Sydney in a dead faint on the floor. I rushed to the bell and rang it till its tones were pealing and clashing through the house. Then I raised the boy in my arms and carried him easily into the lighted hall. The blood from the cut of the broken glass was running down my face and hands. But I did not mind it, for I felt as if life had suddenly come back to me. And when my mother and the servants came out and gathered, startled and in lamenting, round us, I fell on my knees beside the boy and wept.

as I never wept, I think, before that day or since.

I have no more to tell. The closet in the library opened, I found, by a secret spring, but what had opened it that terrible night I never knew. Among the papers which Sydney had thrust into my hand was the long lost document which confirmed my title to the estate. Sydney was nursing very ill, but at last with careful nursing—I know my mother and I did all we could for him, and somebody else, who shall be nameless, did more than we—he recovered and has ever since remained with me. Neither of us ever spoke much of the things we had seen that winter day. The mystery of my inheritance is a mystery still, and men will bury it with us in our graves. Only this I know and will tell you, that from that hour to this Sydney has never seen a ghost again.

